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Selected Tales.

THE RATIONAL LUNATIC.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Why dost thou not complain? 'Tis injustice, an outrage."

"My complaints would be vain. It was not the sentence of a tribunal, but a cabinet rescript, immediately emanating from the government, which doomed me to this hardship. It would be no easy matter to obtain its revocation; for government will not retract; because in so doing, it would proclaim itself in the wrong. The committee of inquiry, which comes down annually, will not advise such a step, because its members will lose the pleasure of an agreeable trip, and the wages which they pocket at my expense. To be exiled, a sort of prisoner at large, to the estate of my ancestors, is the very least of my grievances. Now, Norbert, tell me frankly, what thinkest thou of all this?"

"I must confess, Oliver, I came to thee with prejudice and sorrow: I shall leave thee with the most pleasing recollections. It is every where given out that thou art a lunatic: I can attest that thou art no such thing; but I cannot help concurring in the opinion of thy former curator—thou art only a noble-minded eccentric."

"Eccentric! Why, yes; it is the proper name for those who deviate from the beaten track of their age. Diogenes of Sinope was also accounted a fool; Cato the Censor, among the Romans, a pedant; Columbus was considered as a madman in the streets of Madrid; Olavides consigned to the Inquisition; Rousseau driven by the people of Berne from his asylum; and Pestalozzi at first treated by many of his countrymen as half mad, because he chose rather to occupy himself with beggars and the squalid children of indigence, than with the bepowdered and bedizzened puppets of fashion. And to style me an eccentric—me, who but asserts the right which God has given me to think, to speak, and to act agreeably to nature—is it not a keen reproof of yourselves?"

"No, Oliver; no reproof, either of the world or thee. Nobody hinders thee from thinking and acting consistently with reason and nature; but be indulgent on thy part to the rights of others to think, speak, and act according to their present notions, habits, and even prejudices, till they or

their children have grown wiser. All men are not made for philosophers."

"Have I not been indulgent to them? Have I attacked them?"

"Certainly, my friend, if thou wilt permit me to say so. When thou placedst thy manners in too glaring contrast with the general manners, then didst thou break the peace with those amongst whom thou wast living, and consequently effected only half—nay, not half, the good thou mightest have done. Christ adopted the manners of the Jews, and descended even to their prejudices, that he might produce a more powerful effect. At any rate, what need one care about a ridiculous fashion? What signifies it whether a man has a stiff queue or cropped hair, a beard or a shaven chin? I admit it to be absurd to address an individual in the plural number: but what harm is there in this practice? Wast thou not the assailant when, in defiance of innocent prevailing customs, thou wouldst thrust thy *thou* upon every one, regardless of all the existing notions of politeness? If a man opposes the world, canst thou wonder if the world in its turn opposes him?"

"Certainly I did not wonder, for it was only what I expected. Cite not the example of Christ, like those who, with pious mien, cloak all their knavery and vice with perverted passages of scripture. The Divine Jesus came on an errand of infinitely greater importance to his contemporaries than I. Say nothing, therefore of the *minor* follies: my business is with the latter alone; and never, at least, will I submit to praise, to excuse, or to join in what is barbarous. Man will not surely yet be denied by his fellow-man the right to make use of his understanding."

"As far as I can see, no one has ever thought of disputing this right, but only the right of endangering the public tranquillity by the indiscreet communication of thy opinions, especially when they are at downright variance with existing institutions. At first thou hadst thyself to act the part of a rigid master towards thy serfs at Flyeln, and it was not all at once, but only by slow degrees and after due preparation, that thou couldst conduct them to freedom. Thou wast well aware that it would be dangerous to put a knife into the inexperienced hands of children, though in the practised hand it is a most useful implement. What wouldst thou have said,

if one of thy vassals had suddenly begun to preach up to his fellows the rights of man, the barbarity and atrocity of the feudal system, and the natural equality of men? Would not this reformer have frustrated all thy generous designs?"

"Granted, Norbert. But I hope my case has no analogy with this. I have never preached against existing institutions, let them be ever so bad, but have rendered unto Cesar what is Cesar's, and unto God what is God's. I have spoken only against existing prejudices and abuses, which are not even sanctioned by civil or political compacts. It is only against your foreign mummeries, your masquerades, and hypocritical compliments; against your unnatural luxury; against the apish disfigurement of your persons by outlandish fashions; against your notions of honour and shame, of merit and rewards, that I have spoken; and then only in self-defence, when ye Europeans would fain have compelled me to condemn my return to reason, and again, to humor your perversity, turn rebel against nature."

"But, my friend Oliver, thy sentiments relative to standing armies, to hereditary nobility, to the supposed rights of nations, to —"

"Pshaw! Norbert, these doctrines are, thank God, universally recognized throughout Europe as *dead* truths. They are regarded, and that on valid grounds, as correct in theory, but erroneous in practice. To this I have no objections. I myself, were I a prince or minister, should beware of organizing a philosophic people, a Platonic commonwealth. But these doctrines I broached to my equals only; I have not preached them to the populace to excite sedition. I have done no more than what thousands at this day do in writing and by word of mouth. You must cut off the heads of half the population of Europe, if ye would prevent such things from being thought and expressed. It is solely because they are thought and expressed, that they are beginning to gain ground among the other half. And when once the majority of mankind have become converts to truth and to correct principles, every thing will follow of course, without revolutions or massacres, by means of the natural progress in improved legislation. Assuredly it was not on this account that I was supposed to be insane; it was not on

this account that I was banished from the rest of the world. Nobody would have taken the slightest offence, if I, a baron, had declaimed against the injustice, the barbarity, folly, and mischief attending the institutions of privileged hereditary nobility; nobody, I say, would have taken the slightest offence, if, amid these declamations, I had married a countess or a baroness. This is the way with many. But in acting consistently, though no human being was injured by it, in preferring the love of a beautiful and virtuous girl to the prejudices of my family, inflated with the pride of ancestry; in choosing a forlorn orphan, nay, I might almost say, a foundling to be the wife of a baron—therein consisted my crime. O, Norbert, take another look at my Amelia, then turn thine eyes to my parchment pedigree, and condemn me if thou canst!"

"With such documents in favor of thy right, my dear Oliver, thou art indeed a formidable advocate. I am of opinion, however, that the nobility would in the end have overlooked this transgression against their order, and have considered thee as an exception to the rule. Thou art aware that people are now-a-days disposed to be much more tolerant in such matters: the nobility are no longer—"

"Dost thou really think so? O my friend, deceive not thyself in regard to our caste, in which not only physiognomies, not only prerogatives, but likewise nations and prejudices, have become hereditary and uneradicable by their transmission through a series of generations. The nobility are actually possessed with the fixed idea that they are by birth superior to the rest of mankind. And even though they must succumb to the force of revolutions, still this fixed idea remains uppermost. Didst thou not see the emigrant nobles of France in poverty? they retained their self-conceit, even when they were obliged to cobble their own shoes and to wash their own shirts. Look at the young French nobility, who are born and bred in penury—how are they employed since their return to France? Instead of reconciling themselves to their fate, they complain because they are obliged to share so many, nay, all their privileges, with commoners. For this reason, they are laboring to overthrow the Charter, till the Charter shall no longer exist, and a fresh revolution shall cast them forth again on the world."

"Here, my dear advocate, thou committest a lapse of which I am much too generous to take advantage. What do the men of that country prove either for or against the men of ours? Who would think of raising a charge against our nobility out of the nations of the Indian

chiefs, with their bone nose-ornaments? Let us drop that subject. But mistake me not—I would fain reconcile thee with the rest of the world: a trifling sacrifice on thy part, a slight concession in externals of no importance—and believe me, all thy opinions, nay, even thy paradoxes will be forgiven. And it will be our duty also to make sacrifices; it is thus only that we purchase confidence, and it is only when in possession of the public confidence that we can operate upon the public."

Thou requirest of me a trifling sacrifice, Norbert! I know what it is: thou demandest, as a trifle nothing less than the sacrifice of myself, with all my convictions and principles, and all the duties springing out of them. But, when I have sacrificed my conviction and my principles, or, in other words, my whole existence, what shall I then be fit for in the world? How can I then effect any good?"

"In many ways. Look at other philanthropists, who, without quarreling with the world, do unspeakable good: and why shouldst not thou? What canst thou accomplish by thy sole examples, and standing, as thou dost, alone—if, as is now the case, all around thee, mistaking thy drift, imagine that thy intellects are impaired?"

"This question deserves an answer, for it is the most home of all thy questions. Consider, in the first place, my right as a man; that I may, at least in my own house, and on my own ground, eat, drink, dress, speak, and act according to my better convictions, if in so doing I injure none of the rights of others. As, then, I account the absurdities and extravagances, the refinements and the sophistications of the present inhabitants of Europe, just emerging from the slough of barbarism, ridiculous, pernicious, unnatural, contemptible; shall I, in spite of my inclination, my calling, and my duty to procure the good and the true, not assert the right, for fear of becoming a laughing-stock to our barbarians, the creatures of art and habit, who indeed know no better? Should the navigator, when the savages of some distant island offer him a feast of human flesh, conquer his repugnance, and join in the horrid practice, lest he should be laughed at by the cannibals? So much, Norbert, on what relates immediately and exclusively to my own person."

Here Oliver paused a moment, as if waiting any reply I might have to make. He then resumed as follows:—

"For the rest, my friend, recollect the fragments of the Travels of Pytheas, and thy own acknowledgment of the truth of the deliquation. Thou admittest thyself that human society in our quarter of the globe has deviated far from the law of nature: you all allow, that for this reason

we have to endure infinite sorrow and sufferings—for the violations of the laws of God carry with them their punishments for the transgressors. None of you denies that your whole civil and social system, that your institutions, manners, and habits are at best but an obstinate persistence in that which is contrary to nature—but which of you has the heroism of reason to return to the simple, everlasting ordinances of God? This heroism ye want: to me it is no stranger. It is well that individuals, here and there, regardless of the opinions and the ridicule of the multitude, furnish examples of virtue and integrity in real life; it is well that individuals arise, who will not listen to any accommodation with the prevailing system of the age, but make open war upon it: for, mere precept from the chair, the pulpit, and the stage, mere sophistries and panegyrics on nature and truth, have no effect whatever. Ye are for ever talking and reasoning and writing; but the teachers themselves remain just what they were, and their pupils can of course be no other. It is therefore well that individuals present examples of a better practice. At first they will, to be sure, be accounted insane, and be pitied or laughed at. By degrees the eyes of their contemporaries will become used to the strange phenomena. By and by they will begin to say: 'In many things the man is not so very wrong.' At length the boldest will venture to imitate him in certain points.—And, Norbert, he who leads mankind, or only a small portion of it, but a single step back again towards Nature, has done enough for his short span of existence: and so, my friend, allow me to persevere. Many censure the man who does right, solely because it is he who has the courage, and not they, to pursue the path of rectitude. Because I banish from my table all foreign luxuries—because I wear a dress that is more convenient as well as more pleasing to the eye—because I pay due honors to the manly beard—because I renounce the privileges and prejudices of my caste, and wish to be valued only according to my desert—because I consider it no disgrace to marry a woman of humble birth—because I will not believe that duelling can restore lost honor, and refuse to wear ostentatiously any insignia of real or pretended service—because I make out of slaves, only a degree above brutes, free fellow-men and friends—because I abhor falsehood, and fearlessly proclaim the truth—for this am I treated in the nineteenth century as a lunatic: though I live agreeably to reason, though I have interfered with no existing institutions, though I have transgressed no laws, though I have not done harm to a

human being, but good to many, though I have never committed a breach of morality or true decorum. Such, Norbert, is my answer to thy question. Let us now have done with the subject."

I shook him cordially by the hand, and merely observed with a smile, "We have an old proverb, which says, 'The keener the edge, the more liable to injury.'"

In a few days, I took my leave of him. The recollections of Flyeln belong to the most agreeable of my life. I will not deny, that if all the world were disposed to run into the same kind of madness as my friend Oliver, I would be one of the first lunatics. We have since renewed our correspondence, and I have made a vow to perform from time to time, a pilgrimage to the happy Flyeln Aarau.

HENRY ZSCHOKKE.

Political Economy.

THE AMERICAN LAW OF DESCENT.

[CONCLUDED.]

With regard to France, it is only about thirty years since the new law of succession to property has been established in that country. But the condition of the mass of the people had always been as bad as it is now. All writers agree that the number of small proprietors before the revolution was surprisingly great, and that the condition of the peasantry was deplorable, compared with what it is in Great Britain. The proportion of the cultivators of the soil to all other classes, has always been as great as it is now, notwithstanding the commercial industry of the kingdom has been so deeply impaired by the continual wars in which she has been latterly engaged. As to the increase of population since the revolution, it must not be attributed so much to the subdivision of farms, as to the absolute increase of produce. The produce of the soil has, according to Laplace, augmented one fifth since that event. I know that the division of the land itself, has the effect of augmenting the gross produce. But I mean to be understood that in France, immediately after the revolution, there was another cause of much greater efficacy set in motion, viz: the unlocking a vast portion of land which remained uncultivated in the possession of the privileged orders. And that this alone, without any interruption in the course of descent or devise, would have increased the population.

It seems to have been taken for granted, that large properties cannot exist where the law is as in France. But the natural tendency in every prosperous community, is to augment the number of individuals of large fortunes, who, if they

were disposed to invest their property in land, would not be deterred by the previous subdivision of the soil. The consolidation of small into large farms, is an operation which, at particular periods, is continually taking place in every community. And whenever trade and the other departments of industry are prosperous, and accumulate large gains in the hands of some individuals, large proprietors will inevitably exist. And it may be doubted whether capital invested in large estates, would not be better distributed and more skilfully and successfully employed, where it was collected from the superfluity in trade and manufactures, than where such large properties were created independently of any pecuniary demand for them.

Thus we seem to be authorized to say, that that sort of character which has distinguished the English people from all the other nations of Europe—a character of firm sagacity, of vehement enterprise, and undaunted exertion, which has presented the world with such a spectacle of private and public prosperity—is not attributable to the custom of primogeniture, but is seated more deeply and durably in the structure of society. And the great experiment which we are making, even if it were not attended with an experience at once decisive and unequivocal, does not seem to be fitted to entail upon us that crowd of loathsome and formidable evils, which have been so confidently predicted. In those states, where not only has the institution of primogeniture been long ago abolished, but where the custom of devising has conformed itself more exactly to the genius of the new law of descent, the power of human enterprise appears to have been tasked to the greatest exertion. And so universal and continual are the efforts of individuals to improve their condition, and "to emerge from obscurity," that that section of country has acquired a fixed national character the farthest remote from that of the French, and which promises to carry all the arts of civilized life to far higher perfection than they have ever attained in Great Britain.

One of the most striking differences which our observation enables us to trace in the characters of the men whom we see around us, is the greater power which some of them possess to undervalue and disregard present convenience and enjoyment, for the purpose of acquiring future respectability and wealth. And the same difference is discernible in the characters of whole nations. If I should name any people who were peculiarly distinguished for this firmness of purpose, this ability of conducting life upon a system, it would be the American people. And I do not know to what other cause I can attribute it, than

to the superior moral education they receive. Throughout a very large portion of this country, the plainest farmers, whose circumstances do not permit them to leave their children independent, (except in the French sense of that term) nevertheless, train them up from their earliest youth to a character which is fitted to exert itself in the higher walks of life, and imbue their minds from the tenderest infancy with the ambition of rising in the world. The very education which is thus received, elevates the standard of enjoyment; to sustain which is to sustain life itself, and which absolutely forbids the greater part of them from ever falling from the condition of respectability to which they were bred up. If we had entered the mansions of the French farmers before the late code was enacted, we should have witnessed a very different spectacle. Instead of the order, discipline, and decency which reign over the household of the New-England farmer, we should have been struck with the ignorance, discomfort, and inactivity, which peopled them, and which were only fitted to sink the character of the youth who were growing up, into a state of irrecoverable apathy. Difficulties enough existed in the way of their rising in the world; but education had not given to the mind that power which enables it to react—and it is not wonderful, therefore, that the spectacle in America now, and in France before the revolution, should be precisely the reverse of what the reasonings of the Edinburgh Reviewer would lead us to suppose would be the fact.

It is in reality since the abolition of the institution of primogeniture throughout this country, that the greatest activity and enterprise have been observable among the mass of the people. Ambition does not seem now to desire to find a resting place from its efforts. The acquisition of wealth, by elevating still higher the standard of enjoyment, continually increases the degree of exertion which is necessary to attain it. And this, whether we found our opinion upon experience, or upon those broader views which general reasoning affords, the conclusion to which we are irresistibly led is, that the American law of descent is compatible with the highest individual and national prosperity, and that the effects which have been ascribed by the Edinburgh Reviewer to the right of primogeniture, are in reality attributable to causes of far more powerful efficacy.

AN AMERICAN.

Empty prattle is the most bewitching quality for a coxcomb; the reputation of good sense is what affects most sensibly the man of genius.

MISCELLANEOUS
SELECTIONS.

The following sound remarks are from the Boston Spectator. The evil of lotteries has not yet been felt in Ohio; but a precedent has been introduced by the grant of one lottery, and we fear that unless the determination to discountenance entirely this species of gambling be rigidly adhered to by our Legislature, the practice of granting lotteries may be continued until the evil becomes as serious and disgraceful as it is at present in New-York, and some other Eastern States.

A late English traveller in this country has thus noticed the many Lotteries heretofore existing among us. "The New-York newspapers are like our own, filled with lottery puffs, and 'Lucky Office' stares you in the face in every street. The prevalence of this licensed gambling in the United States is an evil token of the state of the public mind. We cannot indeed say that we are clear in this matter, so long as our Chancellor of Exchequer has recourse to the same dishonorable expedient, in the ways and means of every year; but if we have one licensed lottery, here are lotteries for almost every purpose;—for making roads, for building bridges, for erecting public buildings, for endowing universities, and would you believe it? *for building Churches!* Indeed the pretexts for lotteries are as numerous as the demands for money, and the Legislatures of many of the states scarcely ever assemble without authorising some new ones, and thus virtually passing acts to promote avarice, dishonesty, unthriftiness, and a numerous train of inseparable vices."

This is a true representation of their various objects, for lotteries have been granted in some of the states for all these purposes. It is also a just sketch of their tendency. We might also venture to say, that no other error in political economy has exerted so fatal an influence upon the wealth and morality of the people. A celebrated English writer, who testifies from personal observation, declares 'their lottery to be an evil of the highest magnitude, and one of the greatest nurseries of crime, which ever existed in any country.' A powerful temptation is placed before the industrious poor, which few have the firmness to resist. Glowing promises of sudden wealth are held out by men, who would scorn to be called 'Swindlers,' while they unhesitatingly deceive by their representations, and pocket the fruits of their deception. Some, more conscious of their nature, have defended lotteries on the principle of taxing the vices and follies of men for the support of virtue and order.

If this plea be admitted, every lottery will not only bring its own gains into the public treasury, but increase the sources of future revenue by its demoralizing consequences. One fact more must be mentioned—the temptations and opportunities for fraudulent practices in the superintendents are lamentably powerful. At New-York, one 'den of thieves' was laid open to public indignation and punishment; it is not charging human nature foolishly to believe that many such scenes would be disclosed, were all the truth known.

— o o o o o —
FLOR SILIN;

OR, THE VIRTUES OF A RUSSIAN PEASANT.

[From Russian Tales, by Karamsin.]

It is impossible, even at this distant period, to reflect without horror on the miseries of that year, known, on the Lower Wolga, by the name of the Famine Year. I remember the summer—the scorching heats of which had dried up all the fields: and the droughts had no relief but from the tears of the ruined farmer. I remember the cold comfortless autumn—and the despairing rustics crowding round their empty farms, with folded arms and sorrowful countenances, pondering on their misery; instead of rejoicing, as usual, at the golden harvest. I remember the winter which succeeded—and I reflect, with agony, on the miseries it brought with it.—Whole families left their homes, to become beggars on the highway:—at night, the canopy of heaven served them as their only shelter from the piercing winds and bitter frosts. To describe these scenes, would be to harrow the feelings of my readers: therefore to my tale.

In those days I lived on an estate not far from Simbirsk; and, though but a child, I have not forgotten the impression made on my mind by the general calamity.

In a village adjoining, lived Flor Silin, a poor laboring peasant; a man remarkable for his assiduity and the skill and judgment with which he cultivated his lands. He was blessed with abundant crops; and his means being larger than his wants, his granaries, even at this time, were full of corn. The dry year coming on, had beggared all the village except himself.—Here was an opportunity to grow rich! Mark how Flor Silin acted. Having called the poorest of his neighbours about him, he addressed them in the following manner:—

"My friends, you want corn for your subsistence! God has blessed me with abundance: assist in the threshing out a quantity; and each of you take what he wants for his family."

The peasants were amazed at this unexampled generosity; for sordid propen-

sities exist in the village as well as in the populous city.

The fame of Flor Silin's benevolence having reached other villages, the famished inhabitants presented themselves before him, and begged for corn.

The good creature received them as brothers; and, while his store remained, afforded relief to all.

At length, his wife, seeing no end to the generosity of his noble spirit, reminded him how necessary it would be to think on their own wants, and hold his lavish hand before it was too late.

"It is written in the scriptures," said he, "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

The following year Providence listened to the prayers of the poor, and the harvest was abundant. The peasants who had been saved from starving by Flor Silin, now gathered round him:

"Behold," said they, "the corn you lent us! You saved our wives and children; we should have been famished but for you. May God reward you! He only can. All we have to give, is our corn and grateful thanks."

"I want no corn at present, my good neighbours; my harvest has exceeded all my expectations. For the rest, thank Heaven: I have been but an humble instrument."

They urged him in vain. "No!" said he: "I shall not accept your corn. If you have superfluities, share them among your poor neighbours, who, being unable to sow their fields last autumn, are still in want. Let us assist *them*, my dear friends! The Almighty will bless us for it."

"Yes," replied the grateful peasants; "our poor neighbours shall have this corn. They shall know that it is to you they owe this timely succour; and join to teach their children the debt of gratitude due to your benevolent heart."

Silin raised his tearful eyes to heaven.

An angel might have envied him his feelings.

At another time, fourteen farm-houses were burnt down in an adjacent village. To each sufferer, Silin sent two roubles and a sithe.

Some time after, a like misfortune happened at another village: it was entirely consumed; and the inhabitants, reduced to the last degree of misery, had recourse to Silin. But his former benevolence had impoverished his means: he had no money to assist them. What was to be done!—"Stop," said he, suddenly recollecting himself, "Here is a horse; I do not actually want him: take and sell him."

He set at liberty two female slaves whom he bought in the name of the lord of the manor; educated them as his own

daughters; and, when they married, gave them a handsome dowry.

As long as thou continuest, noble Silin, to inhabit this world,* so long will thy life be spent in acts of generosity and benevolence towards thy fellow-creatures. And, when thou hast exchanged this for a better life, the recording angel shall proclaim thy virtues in heaven; the Almighty will place thee high above kings and princes; and thou wilt still be the friend of the comfortless, and a father to the poor and indigent on earth. If ever I revisit that country of which thou art the ornament, I shall approach thy cot with reverence, and render homage to thy virtues; but, if the minister of peace shall have removed thee into bliss, I will visit thy grave, sprinkle it with my tears, and place a stone upon the spot, on which, with my own hand, I will write: *Here rest the bones of a noble man.*

ORIENTAL ANECDOTES.

As Hégiage, the minister of Abdalmelec, calif of Syria, and one of the most ferocious governors who ever tyrannized over Medina, was walking one day in the country, he met with an Arab of the desert who did not know him, and asked him what kind of a man that Hégiage was who was so much talked of?

'He is a monster,' replied the Arab, 'who thirsts for blood.'

'Do you not know me?' answered the minister.

'No,' said the Arab.

'Learn, then, that I am that Hégiage of whom you speak so insolently.'

'And do you not know me?' answered the other, without appearing intimidated or confused.

'No.'

'I am of the family of the Zobier, all the descendants of which are mad three days in the year, and this day is one of the three.'

Hégiage laughed, and gave the man a purse of money as a reward for his presence of mind.

Another time, Hégiage being out with a hunting party, was separated from his attendants, and found himself exhausted with thirst, in a desert place, where an Arab was feeding his camels. As soon as he appeared, the camels proved restive, and their master, who had a great deal of trouble to govern them, flew into a passion, exclaiming—'What does this man do here with his fine clothes? May curses befall him!' Hégiage feigned not to hear him, and, assuming a polite air, saluted

* Silin is still alive, and a friend of mine read this sketch to him. The good old man wept, and exclaimed: 'No! I am unworthy of this. I cannot deserve such praise.'

the rude fellow, and requested him very humbly to give him a little water to assuage his thirst. 'If you wish to drink,' replied the Arab, 'take the trouble to stoop down and get some water yourself; for I am neither your companion nor your servant.' Hégiage complied with this advice, and, after having drunk, thanked the Arab, and put to him this question:

'Who is, in your opinion, the greatest and most excellent of all men?'

'The prophet, sent from God,' answered the Arab.

'And what do you say of Ali?'

'It is impossible to express his greatness and his virtues.'

'What do you think of the caliph Abdalmelec?'

'He is a wicked prince—a tyrant.'

'Why so?'

'Because he has sent us for a governor Hégiage, the most abominable wretch under heaven.'

He was still speaking, when the attendants of the governor appeared, and seized the Arab by order of their master.

The next day Hégiage sent for the Arab, and made him sit down at table with him. When the cloth was taken away, the minister asked him if he remembered the discourse they had together the day before.

'May God prosper you in all your undertakings!' said the Arab: 'but as for the secret of yesterday, be careful not to divulge it to-day.'

'I consent,' said Hégiage: 'but you must choose either to acknowledge me for a master, and then I shall retain you in my service, or to be sent to the calif Abdalmelec, whom I shall inform of all that you have said of him.'

'My lord,' replied the Arab, 'there is another manner of acting which you might adopt, and which appears to me to be the wisest.'

'What is that?' said Hégiage.

'To let me go home, and let us both for the future so carefully avoid each other, that we may not meet again till the day of judgment.'

Hégiage, notwithstanding the fierceness and cruelty of his disposition, was pleased to hear the man speak with so much pleasantry and acuteness, and dismissed him according to his request, giving him at the same time a sum of money.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS.

A decisive proof in favour of the attractions of women is, that though they have every thing against them, both the laws and power, they continually maintain their influence.

The consciousness of our powers augments them.

Women fill the intervals of conversation and life like the cotton and wool put into the chests in which china and glass are packed. The cotton is not reckoned in the account, yet every thing would be broken without it.

The art of educating a child consists greatly in making an accurate distinction between the faults into which he is led by constitution or ignorance, and those he commits from a perversity of disposition.

As sloth seldom produces good actions, so rashness always destroys them ere well formed.

'Instead of attempting to rival the beautiful Cephisa,' said a lady of good sense, 'I will endeavour to employ the time, in which she is more handsome than I am, in such a manner that I may appear more handsome than her ten years hence.'

Simplicity of dress is necessary to handsome women to render them more graceful, and to the homely to render them less disagreeable.

The ill-humour of others ought never to occasion the same in us: that would be like blacking our faces because we meet a negro.

Men would commit fewer follies to procure the things they desire, could they foreknow the sentiments they will entertain of them when in their possession.

Those who are able to resist their own passions, are frequently hurried away by the passions of others.

A DETACHED THOUGHT.

A philosopher has observed, that Romance writers and Poets give a certain grace to misfortune and wretchedness.—The imagination accustoms itself to this delicacy of fiction, and experiences a kind of repugnance when poverty and sickness do not present the same in reality. This disgust extinguishes compassion, and, at the time when assistance is most necessary, prevents its being given.

When the celebrated duke of Ormond (whose family name was *Butler*) was lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he had given his promise to a clergyman of the name of Joseph —, that he would promote him on the first vacancy. The reverend gentleman, however, had the mortification to experience two disappointments. When, therefore, it was next his turn to preach before his excellency, he endeavored to refresh his memory, by selecting for his text, Gen. xl. 23: 'Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.' This genteel hint was successful; for, after the sermon he was told, that the next vacancy should convince him that the chief butler had not forgotten Joseph: and the promise was fulfilled.

CINCINNATI: SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1825.

LAFAYETTE ARRANGEMENTS.

We have the pleasure of inserting to-day, an outline of the plan adopted by the General Committee for the reception and entertainment of the good LAFAYETTE.

Had the impatience of the public admitted of a few days further delay, the report might have been rendered more full and explicit, in relation to sundry measures proposed in various quarters for co-operating with the Committee in the public manifestation of respect and attachment for the illustrious guest. Among other interesting measures which are in agitation,—it is understood that a Troop of Horse has been raised, and other Associations organized,—for the purpose of meeting and addressing the General, on his approach to the city:—and that a CIVIC ARCH is proposed to be erected over Broadway, by the Mechanics, near the Platform where he is to be received by the Committee.

From the want of specific information, however, in regard to the period and duration of the visit,—a supplemental circular from the committee will of course be issued; in which any modifications or additions, that may be agreed upon, in relation to the various ceremonies, can be specifically set forth.

We are aware that apprehensions are entertained by some, of our proceeding too far in attempting to 'ape the manners of the east' in the proposed celebration:—and if there was no other object to be attained than the simple expression of national gratitude for important individual services,—we own that a less splendid manifestation might suffice. But when we reflect that it is not only to the heroic friend of Washington, and our Fathers—in times of poverty and peril,—but to our Revolutionary Survivors themselves,—to the common cause in which they were engaged,—and to the very Principles for which they fought and bled,—that the spontaneous homage of our hearts is extended;—when we reflect, in short, that it is Posterity welcoming the Representative of a departed generation of Heroes,—it is difficult to conceive how any honours we may award can be thought to border on personal adulation;—and there is room, therefore, to hope that all approaches to opposition will be merged in one common feeling of patriotic enthusiasm.

That this is the light in which our modest visitor is himself disposed to view the honors every where awaiting him, throughout the republic, is emphatically manifested in the following eloquent extract from his reply to Chief Justice Marshall, when addressed in behalf of his surviving compatriots of the Revolutionary Army; and with this we may safely leave the subject in the hands of a grateful and intelligent community:

"The honours I now receive, I have not the vanity to monopolize to myself. They are a testimony of adhesion to the principles for which we have fought, and of public remembrance for our common services;—the dearer, and more honourable, they seem to me, when I share them with you."

The practice of filling the columns of newspapers with accounts of the various crimes committed in society, and the *dying confessions* of felons, who on the scaffold meet the just reward of their iniquitous deeds, can neither be too deeply deplored, nor too pointedly condemned. These publications are pregnant with evil: their influence is highly prejudicial to the morals of the community,—having a powerful tendency to familiarize the mind with vice, and to excite sympathy for the guilty when only reaping the just reward of their wickedness. There is an increasing fondness on the part of the community for these disgusting details, arising from an idle curiosity, which should neither be gratified, nor suffered to pass without condemnation.

The Press is an engine of immense power and influence; it controuls, to a great extent, both the moral and political world, and is either productive of much good, or unlimited mischief, according to the manner in which it is conducted. Editors of newspapers occupy an important and responsible station, in which they should not act without great deliberation; nor should they consult exclusively the gratification of their readers. The enquiry should not be, what will please, but what will benefit. If society has an improper taste in the choice of its mental aliment, so far from encouraging it, every obstacle should be opposed to its gratification, not only by portraying the evils attendant upon such a course of indulgence, but by presenting such intellectual food as will chasten the thoughts, refine the feelings, enlighten the mind, and elevate the human character.

Unfortunately, every felon who now goes to the gallows is made a hero; and lives after his body has been consigned to the grave, in some extravagant romance, called his "life and dying confessions." For ourselves we have no faith in the truth of those gallows declarations, and but little in such repentances as are made in the presence of the executioner. All this trumpery of "warnings and dying confessions, and prison declarations," should never be suffered to meet the public eye, for it is the most deleterious of all mental poisons. Some Editors seem to pride themselves upon the amount of these revolting details with which they fill their papers. Not a murder can be perpetrated, not a criminal executed, not a horse-thief sentenced to the penitentiary, nor a pound of beef stolen from the shambles in the market house, but every incident connected with them must be ra-

ked up and published to the world. The secret haunts of villany are thrown open, and the skill and prowess of their bandit frequenters portrayed in vivid if not fascinating colors; not for the purpose of preventing crimes, or bettering the condition of humanity, but solely that Editors may increase their subscription-list, by rendering their columns more attractive. We earnestly entreat the conductors of public Journals to reflect seriously upon this subject, and to recollect that they are inflicting an irreparable injury upon the minds of the rising generation. There is another and a better and more honorable course before them, which will eventually give them more ample pecuniary reward, and withal approving consciences.

RECEPTION OF GEN. LAFAYETTE.

The COMMITTEE appointed by the citizens of Cincinnati, for the purpose of devising and executing a suitable plan for the reception and entertainment of the honoured GUEST OF THE NATION, submit the following outline of the proposed Arrangements;—the requisite Appropriation having been promptly made, by the City Council, for carrying the same into effect.

On the arrival of GENERAL LAFAYETTE at Covington,—(or at Maysville, if he should pursue that route from Lexington,)—he will be met, and conducted to Cincinnati, by a Deputation from the Committee: and his landing on the Ohio shore will be announced by a *Federal Salute* from the Artillery. At the WHARF the General and Suite will be joined by the *Sub-Committee*, supported by the County Sheriff, and the City Marshal;—and escorted, in an open Barouche, to the CINCINNATI HOTEL, where they will be received (on a Platform erected for the purpose, at the corner of Broadway and Front street)—by the General Committee, the Municipal Authorities, the Governor of Ohio, and such Revolutionary officers and soldiers as may be enabled to attend.

AN ADDRESS, in behalf of the Citizens, will then be delivered to the General, by the Chairman of the Committee:—after which he will be conducted into the apartments prepared by Col. Mack for his reception.

On the evening of this day the FIRE WORKS which are in preparation will be displayed:—and an ILLUMINATION of the City (in which the inhabitants are respectfully requested to co-operate) will take place. In the course of this evening the General is expected to attend the exhibition of the FIRE WORKS, the WESTERN MUSEUM, and the LAFAYETTE LODGE.

On the morning of the second day, it is proposed that a general PROCESSION of all denominations, whether residents or visitors, be formed at the Hotel;—to conduct the General (through Front and Main streets) to the 1st Presbyterian Church; where a public Address by J. S. BENHAM, Esq. with other appropriate Exercises, will be delivered. The Gateway of the Church will be decorated with a CIVIC ARCH; (under which the General will pass, through the open ranks of the Military)—and, no more of the procession will be expected to enter than can be provided with seats after the LADIES are accommodated.

The General will then be reconducted by the Military (through Fifth street and Broadway) to the Cincinnati Hotel:—where the several Uniformed Corps, the Children belonging to the Sunday School Societies, &c. and such other As-

sociations, of either sex, as may think proper, will pass in review before him.

In the arrangement of the Procession, the GENERAL, supported by the GOVERNOR, will be placed in an open BAROUCHE, in front of the citizens, and in the rear of the Military: and, in attaining this position, he will pass, from rear to front, through the open ranks of the citizens,—accompanied by his Son and Secretary, the Revolutionary Survivors, the several Deputations, the Mayor and Council, and the General Committee.

As much of this afternoon as may be found consistent with the convenience of the Guest, will be appropriated to the reception of visitors, in one of the principal apartments of the Hotel; where suitable arrangements will be made for the introduction of such ladies and gentlemen as may present themselves:—And, in the evening, a subscription BALL will be given, at the same place, under the direction of Managers designated by the Committee.

The General and suite will be provided during their sojourn with every practicable accommodation:—And be furnished, on their departure, with an adequate escort and conveyance, until met by a deputation from some other place.

The Reverend Clergy, all Literary, Military, and Mechanical Associations, Trades, and Professions, of Cincinnati and its vicinity,—are invited to make the necessary arrangements for uniting in the proposed celebration:—in which they will be placed under the immediate direction of Colonels CARR and BORDEN, as *Marshal* and *Assistant Marshal* of the day. The several Musical Societies of the city, are respectfully solicited to afford their professional aid on the occasion.

All survivors of the Revolutionary Army, and such Uniformed Corps, and Officers of the Militia as may find it convenient to visit Cincinnati for the purpose, (whether from Ohio, Indiana, or Kentucky,) will be assigned appropriate stations in the Procession:—And the inhabitants generally of the surrounding country are invited to avail themselves of this last opportunity of beholding one of the earliest and most generous friends of American Independence.

WM. H. HARRISON,
Chairman of the Committee.

P. S. SYMMES, *Secretary.*

Cincinnati, April 26th, 1825.

It is supposed, that General Lafayette will reach Cincinnati about the middle of May,—possibly sooner:—but as neither his route, the hour of his arrival, nor the period of his remaining, are known to the Committee,—the foregoing arrangements will necessarily be modified or extended, according to circumstances:—of which due notice will be given.

General Summary.

The New-York House of Assembly, have passed the Commercial Bank bill, which gives to the heirs of the late Robert Fulton the bonus of \$60,000 as a compensation to his destitute children for the loss they have sustained by the late decision of the courts of law.

The Senate of New-York have passed a bill appropriating 12,000 dollars to defray the expense of surveying the routes of seventeen new canals.

Including the grant of Massachusetts, nearly \$55,700 have been subscribed to the proposals for erecting a monument to General Warren, near the spot on which he fell on Bunker Hill.

The superintendence of the National road, from Wheeling to Zanesville, has been commit-

ted to the War Department, and a letter from the Secretary to a gentleman of Belmont county, Ohio, recommends that "meetings of the landholders through or near whose land the Road may possibly run, be called, and their consent in writing be obtained, giving the Agents of the Government full and free leave to carry the Road through their lands, and take therefrom all such materials, consisting of stone, clay, &c. as may be necessary in the construction of the same."

It is proper to add, that the location of the road, is not yet permanently made, but that, the agents have full power to select that route which, from all considerations, they may deem entitled to the preference.

Meetings were to have been held at several places in Belmont county on Wednesday last; we have not heard the result.—*Wheeling Gas.*

The Government of the Mexican United States has determined on opening a canal communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, through the isthmus of Tehuantepec.—We published in the Journal of yesterday the decree of the Congress to this effect, and the invitation of the Government, for proposals to execute the work.

The isthmus of Tehuantepec is about 125 miles across; but the distance for the canal may be considerably shortened, by following the river Huasecualca, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico, about 60 miles below Alvarado, and the Chimalapa, which flows into the Pacific, and at the mouth of which, stands the town of Tehuantepec. There is still a further natural communication, by means of the river Passo, a tributary of the Huasecualca. A navigable canal through this isthmus would be decidedly preferable, for the vast commerce of the Gulf of Mexico, to that proposed to be cut from Lake Nicaragua to the Pacific, on account of its more convenient location.—*Nat. Journal.*

The amount of duties on imports secured at the New-York Custom House on the 10th inst. was fully equal to the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is probably a larger sum than was ever before bonded in one day.

The Connecticut elections took place on the 3d instant. Governor Wolcott, and Lieutenant Governor Plant, are re-elected; Mr. Day, Secretary, and Mr. Spencer, Treasurer.

The Thames Tunnel.—This novel undertaking was begun on the 2d of March. The Tunnel will be opened between 45 and 66 feet below high water mark, and carried through the blue clay, of which there will be from 10 to 14 feet on the top of the brick work, in the deepest part of the river. The shaft now preparing, is intended for foot passengers. The larger descent for carriages, which is to be of about 200 feet diameter, will not be begun till the Tunnel is carried to a certain extent under the river. The spot on which the operations are commenced is eastward of Rotherhithe Church, on the south side of Rotherhithe street.

A work is now in the press from the pen of the late John Bell, Esq. of Edinburgh, containing observations upon Italy, chiefly made during a residence at Florence. Mr. Bell's skill as an anatomist is well known, and as an artist he possesses no ordinary talents. We believe that many of the finest anatomical drawings that adorn his works, were drawn and engraved by himself.—His criticism, therefore, upon those works of art which have arrested the attention of all travelers, will be highly interesting. Mr. Bell had been in the habit of noting down his impressions while examining any fine statue or painting, and he subsequently formed the intention of writing

a detailed work upon Italy. He did not live, however, to complete this, and the present volume consists chiefly of selections from his Notes, which are edited by his widow.

The venerable author of the *Man of Feeling*, Henry Mackenzie, is at present engaged on an autobiographical work, which cannot fail to be eminently interesting to the literary world.—Except Bentham, Mr. Mackenzie is, we believe, the oldest living author in Great Britain. Johnson, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Reynolds are all within his recollection; and in his own country, the great names of the Gregories, Beattie, Cullen, Reid, the Monroes, David Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, Kames, Tytler, Monboddo, Black, Logan, and many others, must all be familiar to him as household words. Mr. Mackenzie, notwithstanding his great age, as is fully in possession of all his faculties, as he was at five and twenty: and as his latter years have been passed among the highest literary characters of our own day, such a work as his cannot fail to be one of the most interesting ever published.

Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, is engaged in preparing for the press an edition of Shakspeare, with notes.

French Projects.—The following Prospectus was submitted to an English gentleman, residing in Paris, with the author's hope that he would be both a contributor and subscriber:—"Tomorrow in the fifteen days will be published, one brand new work of the Litterature and the Science, the Spectacle and the Mode, to be call the *Miroir of the Day*; compile by a series of literary gentlemen of France and the Grand Britain, famous for their savoir and their talents." The prospectus states that half the work is to be in French and half in English; that it is to appear three times a week, and that learned professors are to superintend the articles in each language.—*U. S. Lit. Gaz.*

DIED,

On Thursday evening, Mrs. ELIZA H. ROBINS, consort of Mr. Ephraim Robins.

Her friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend her funeral to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock, from the corner of Sycamore and Eighth streets.—The rites will be performed before the usual hour of public worship.

NOTICE.—In consequence of a number of the Subscribers to the LAFAYETTE BALL not being apprised of the meeting held at Col. Mack's on Wednesday evening, and, as some of the persons then appointed Managers, are not subscribers, it is hereby particularly requested, that all the subscribers attend a meeting to be held at Col. Mack's THIS EVENING, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of appointing Managers from among the subscribers for said Ball.

April 30, 1825.

Just Published,

BY Cummings, Hilliard & Co. (Boston, Massachusetts,) No. I. of Vol. II. of THE UNITED STATES' LITERARY GAZETTE—40 pp. 8vo. Containing

Reviews: Stanhope's Letters on Greece, Life of General Lafayette, John Bull in America.

Miscellany: The Lay Monastery.

Poetry: A Hymn, Spring.

Critical Notices: Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, Wright's Few Days in Athens, American Mechanic's Magazine, Cubi's New Spanish Grammar.

Intelligence: Children and Youth in Massachusetts, French Projects, Lehigh River and Coal Mine.

List of New Publications.—Works in Press.

Original Poetry.

TO THALLA.

Ah Lady! in the azure gloom,
Which saddens that Circassian eye,
I read affection's tender bloom,
Will not survive our parting sigh;
For through its mystic beauties gleam
A prophet's all revealing beam.
Yet he whose breast did ever burn,
With love's exalting heat,
To worthless Idols ne'er can turn,
Whilst *him*, thy gaze doth greet:—
Which, like the sacred flame from heaven,
Kindles each hallowed offering given.
And now the dreary hour hath come,
Foreboded long with fears;
When grieving, from thy shrine I roam,
We'll look farewell through tears:
And every star that o'er us shone,
Will mourn with me, when far, and lone.
All desolate will throb this heart,
Which sighs through lips unprest;
And these sad eyes no transports dart,
For clouds their rays invest:
But never more beneath these skies
Will meet our fond and fervent eyes.
The weary breast no refuge finds,
From love's beleaguering woe:
The torturing spell of memory binds,
Though tears have ceased to flow;
When ocean's wave recedes from land
Its gloomy wrecks bestrew the strand.
This heart was fresh as Eden's bloom,
Where Love did once embower;
And dripping waved his purple plume
O'er each nectarious flower:
His only rain, a heavenly dew;
Save Zephyr's breath—no storm he knew.
But shadow'd by an evil cloud,
A blighting mildew fell;
Which all the budding flowrets bow'd
That wreathed his roseate cell;
Then fled the Boy with (quiver and bow)—
His magazine of joy, and woe.
Alas! this heart hath perished too,
Like man's primeval grove;
And fled is Pleasure's fairy crew,
With unrelenting Love;
O'er ruined hopes Love never grieves;
Nor—sybil-like—seeks withered leaves.
And THALLA's ray of love so warm,
Will too, be quenched in gloom,
Like Sharon's rose by earth's dark storm,
Although for Heaven it bloom:
And yon bright stars that gem the skies,
And look on earth with Seraph eyes,
Await a darker doom;
Those radiant pageants shall depart
Like heavenly visions of the heart.

LARA.

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MAGAZINE.

FRAGMENT.

There was an hour, a foolish hour,
Of passion's overwhelming power,
And Love that could not be suppressed,
In boundless empire o'er this breast.
And though the wisdom of the old,
Entrenched in prudence harsh and stern,
May laugh the bard to scorn, when told,
That thoughts like these could burn,
And pangs be felt so deep and keen
By stripling boy of scarce sixteen;

Yet there had been with me that time
Of Youth and Feeling's feverish prime,
When every quick pulsation burned,
And every thought to love was turned.

And she was worthy to be loved,
Deeply, devotedly adored,
By a young heart which then first proved
The magic of the spell that poured
Round heart and brain, round soul and sense,
In tides of restless violence,
The swift and passionate thoughts that bind
The soul of man to woman kind.
O she was such that an Anchorite
Sworn to forsake the haunts of men,
To be but only in her sight,
Would break his vow, desert his den,
And warmed to love and rapture come
Again to be a denizen
Of earthly scenes, and make again
Content, with human kind, his home.

This foolish hour long since has gone—
Yet now I cannot look upon
The face which once, in happier day
Held o'er me such resistless sway,
Nor view, all bright with feeling's glow,
The beauty of that form and brow—
Without a fond regretful sigh
Upon that hour long since gone by,
When, fool, I madly hoped that She
Enthroned in beauty's majesty
Might in this heart's true love have found
An offering worthy of her own;
Deeming the thoughts that gathered round
Her sacred shrine, must reach a tone
Of lofty feeling, and high aim,
And fed a more ennobling flame,
Caught from the pure and perfect one
Whose loveliness they dwelt upon.

Oh what avails it to delay
The fatal truth? Perhaps I might
Have gained, upon no distant day
The heaven of those hopes so bright,
Had not the slanderer's poisonous breath,
More fatal than the grasp of death,
More hateful than the direst shape
That ever scared an infant's step,
Or waked a woman's shriek in hour
Of superstition's gloomiest power—
Breathed on the blossoms of my hope,
And withered all their beauty up—
Spread forth between me and my bliss
A gulf of darkness and despair,
Stretching in boundless horror there,
As deep and black and motionless
As that whose exhalations rise,
'Twixt the condemned and Paradise!

The following lines, published in the January
number of the Monthly Magazine, are by Pro-
fessor Everett, of Boston:

DIRGE OF ALARIC, THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and
was afterwards buried in the channel of the
river Busentius, the water of which had been
diverted from its course that the body might
be interred.

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.
Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes:

Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath:

Ye shall not pile with servile toil
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of Power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was the "scourge of God."
But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place for ever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of Kings;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.
My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth;—
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth:
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when beneath the mountain-tide,
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar nor mound to mark the spot;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like the river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the Queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot wheels.
Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm,
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And Vengeance sat upon the helm;
When launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hilled towers,
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper die
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my northern banner shine
Upon the conquered Palestine.

My course is run, my errand done,
I go to him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name.
And Roman hearts shall long be sick
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done—
But darker ministers of fate
Impatient round the eternal throne
And in the caves of vengeance wait,
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.